

ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON
AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AGATHA"

PART ONE. CHAPTER I.

I found my wife and told her all about it. "You see, Agatha," I said, "it's going to be rough on old Arch. He doesn't. After all, she's always promised him the property; it should go to him."

The secretary, that is, my wife—I sometimes refer to her in that way in memory of a certain six weeks and my friend Terhune once spent at Castle Wyckhoff, during which she bore that title and was in love with her—my wife put down her sewing to answer me. She was doing me a knitted tie, by the way, green, with at least six different stitches in it. Awfully clever at that sort of thing, my wife.

"Yes, I see," she said; "but, Wilfred, isn't it a little—little sudden? How can he expect to get married in so short a time as ten days?"

It was sudden, surely, and unusual. But for the matter of that, the whole thing was out of the ordinary. You see the point was that an eccentric old aunt of my friend Archibald Terhune, a Mrs. Georgiana James of Essex, had written to acquaint her nephew with the fact that she intended to leave a certain piece of property which she had long promised him to a third cousin of hers who lived in America if Archibald did not immediately get married. In fact, she gave him exactly and only ten days from the receipt of her letter in which to accomplish the holy estate, or, rather, in which to get himself engaged. The actual ceremony she would leave to follow as soon as possible when the proper order of things should permit.

Arch, when I saw him in London that morning, was in the wildest state of mind imaginable. He had only just received the letter, and he'd be blessed if he'd take into himself a wife at all, merely to humor the impossible whims of his Aunt Georgy, much less accomplish the deed with any such decorous haste. She had always badgered him to death on the subject of getting married, and now he supposed this was her way of punishing him for his systematic disregard of her wishes.

"Wants to jolly well push me to the wall and force my hand!" he told me indignantly. "She'd do anything to get her own way, that old woman! And the reason she says she's bringing things to a climax now is just because I'm forty years old today! She says that if I don't get married soon, I'll be so old no one will have me! Fancy that!" His tone was positively shrill with spleen and disgust. "Just as if that were so very old!" he went on, twitching about on his chair and plucking angrily at his eye-glass string. "Why, lots of men don't even begin to think of marrying till they're forty-five!"

I smiled. The old boy's weak spot is his love of admiration, and I often feel convinced that if it were not for his delight in being considered one of London's most eligible bachelors, and his pride in being one of the most popular dinner guests in town, he would long ago have entered the bonds of matrimony.

"She says," he continued, jerking over a page of the closely written letter that he held in his hand and glancing down at it as he spoke, "that although she has always looked forward with pleasure to leaving that piece of property which represents the bulk of her fortune, to her nephew, that she cannot allow herself to do so unless he complies with her wishes and becomes a married man. To bestow so rich an inheritance upon a single man, she says, is like putting a premium on selfishness!" Terhune snorted with impatience when he had read that last sentence, but I couldn't help but admire the old lady for it. I thought she must have been something of a character to express herself so forcibly.

"She goes on to explain," said Arch, resuming his reading after letting his eye skim down the page to the close of the letter, "that the reason she limits the days of grace in which I am supposed to persuade a girl to promise to marry me, to ten, is because she thinks I deserve to have to hurry, having thwarted her wishes so long, and that a little anxiety will do me no harm." His face was a picture as he read this, and his voice trembled so with a sense of outrage that he could hardly go on.

"She concludes by saying that I will be more likely to achieve the result she desires, if I am put under a certain amount of pressure. She knows my procrastinating habits only too well!"

His glare was so vindictive by this time that I could hardly keep from laughing at him.

"It's no laughing matter!" he growled. "She means every word of it. She's gone and notified the third cousin in America about it, so there'll be no possibility of changing her mind!"

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Nine children," returned my friend gloomily. "And she's even instructed her solicitor," he added, "Old Barnes of Barnes, Willoughby & Sons to call upon me and be with me at one o'clock ten days from now, when the period expires, to see that everything's fair and square about the proceedings and that I do not overstep the prescribed time by so much as a minute!"

"Capital!" I cried unguardedly, full of an ill-timed, I fear, enthusiasm for the business-like methods of Mrs. James.

"You'll have to invite him to lunch! Why, it's as good as a play! What an old sport your Aunt Georgy must be!"

"O, hang my Aunt Georgy!" exclaimed Arch piously, not appreciating my point of view. "Meddlesome old busybody!"

"And that reminds me," I said alertly, "how old is she, anyway, Arch?"

"Eighty-two," he snapped; "old enough to know better!"

"Old enough to be thinking about making her will, at any rate," I said meaningly. And of course Arch had in reality too keen an interest in his own welfare not to appreciate that fact without needing me to emphasize it. He was not the boy—I thought—if I knew him at all, to sit sulking in a corner when there was only a little thing like getting a wife in ten days between him and a chance at a fortune! If he did, he could not certainly be the same Terhune that had proved so earnest an aspirant for the millions of the Hon. Agatha, a summer ago. And I was right. It was not long before he'd forgotten his disapproval of Aunt Georgy's methods and was excitedly discussing ways and means of obeying her behest. I thought myself the thing didn't sound so hard. I thought at any rate that it would be a regular lark to have a try at it. But he was much less optimistic, much more downhearted. Not because he doubted his ability to get some girl to marry him, for he felt quite sure on the contrary that his only trouble would be in making a selection. But it was the shortness of the time that stumped him. He couldn't seem to see himself an engaged man in ten days, his imagination somehow failed to sum up the picture. I did my best to cheer him up and pointed out that the property, which was a sheep farm in Australia, formerly belonging to Aunt Georgy's brother, now deceased, and yielding a yearly income of about \$20,000, was worth having a try for. And as I said, it might have been much worse. Aunt Georgy might have insisted on his actually attaining the married state in ten days' time, instead of merely getting engaged, and that I thought would have been well nigh impossible.

Girls are so queer about that sort of thing. They must have a tresspass and bridesmaids and churches and fuss and feathers of one kind or another. He would certainly have had

I withdrew my pipe from my mouth and my gaze from the broken routine of Wyckhoff castle and the tops of our famous Wyckhoff oaks, which were all my lazy line of vision held, and sat up.

"I know it's an idea," I remarked, "but I can't seem to get the inner significance of it—a house party for a week with just two Agathas and Terhune for guests. How—"

Girls are so queer about that sort of thing. They must have a tresspass and bridesmaids and churches and fuss and feathers of one kind or another. He would certainly have had

I smiled. The old boy's weak spot is his love of admiration, and I often feel convinced that if it were not for his delight in being considered one of London's most eligible bachelors, and his pride in being one of the most popular dinner guests in town, he would long ago have entered the bonds of matrimony.

"She says," he continued, jerking over a page of the closely written letter that he held in his hand and glancing down at it as he spoke, "that although she has always looked forward with pleasure to leaving that piece of property which represents the bulk of her fortune, to her nephew, that she cannot allow herself to do so unless he complies with her wishes and becomes a married man. To bestow so rich an inheritance upon a single man, she says, is like putting a premium on selfishness!" Terhune snorted with impatience when he had read that last sentence, but I couldn't help but admire the old lady for it. I thought she must have been something of a character to express herself so forcibly.

"She goes on to explain," said Arch, resuming his reading after letting his eye skim down the page to the close of the letter, "that the reason she limits the days of grace in which I am supposed to persuade a girl to promise to marry me, to ten, is because she thinks I deserve to have to hurry, having thwarted her wishes so long, and that a little anxiety will do me no harm." His face was a picture as he read this, and his voice trembled so with a sense of outrage that he could hardly go on.

"She concludes by saying that I will be more likely to achieve the result she desires, if I am put under a certain amount of pressure. She knows my procrastinating habits only too well!"

His glare was so vindictive by this time that I could hardly keep from laughing at him.

"It's no laughing matter!" he growled. "She means every word of it. She's gone and notified the third cousin in America about it, so there'll be no possibility of changing her mind!"

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Nine children," returned my friend gloomily. "And she's even instructed her solicitor," he added, "Old Barnes of Barnes, Willoughby & Sons to call upon me and be with me at one o'clock ten days from now, when the period expires, to see that everything's fair and square about the proceedings and that I do not overstep the prescribed time by so much as a minute!"

"Capital!" I cried unguardedly, full of an ill-timed, I fear, enthusiasm for the business-like methods of Mrs. James.

"You'll have to invite him to lunch! Why, it's as good as a play! What an old sport your Aunt Georgy must be!"

"O, hang my Aunt Georgy!" exclaimed Arch piously, not appreciating my point of view. "Meddlesome old busybody!"

"And that reminds me," I said alertly, "how old is she, anyway, Arch?"

fonder of that country than I think she should be. "From the American backwoods," I repeated, "that you've never even seen, against poor old Terhune! Why, he probably wears a scalp lock and brandishes a tomahawk, for all you know!"

She smiled pityingly at my primitive notions of American civilization. "Which?" she said, "Terhune or the third cousin? You're very ambiguous, Wilfred. Besides, you know lots better than that!"

I hung my head in well-affected confusion and admitted that I did. "Don't be a silly!" she admonished, though I could see she thought my attitude a good one, and tapped me on the head with her thumb. It hurt a little and I pretended to be very angry at the liberty.

"Just you stop that!" I cried, suddenly flinging my arms around her and pinning her so tight to her chair she couldn't speak. "And don't pretend you're not going to agree with me about Terhune! It's a serious matter, and you know it! The old boy's in a hole and I want to help him out!"

"And you expect me to provide the method of exit, isn't that it?" asked my prisoner as soon as she could get her breath.

"Exactly!" I said, setting her free and settling myself in another chair that was conveniently close to her.

"Pitch in and tell us how to go about it!" And I leaned back and lit a favorite pipe of mine for which I had long ago gained permanent permission from Lady Vincent. Which title, by the way, explains the fact that my older brother Edmund had died shortly after our wedding trip, making me Lord Vincent instead of Lord Wilfred, and at the same time my father, the duke of Totten's, heir. At length my oracle ceased puckering her pretty brows and spoke. "I think," she said, "we might manage it if we gave a small house party and had two of the Agathas who stayed with me a year ago during the time when I was carrying out the conditions of my father's will and friend Terhune as the only guests."

I withdrew my pipe from my mouth and my gaze from the broken routine of Wyckhoff castle and the tops of our famous Wyckhoff oaks, which were all my lazy line of vision held, and sat up.

"I know it's an idea," I remarked, "but I can't seem to get the inner significance of it—a house party for a week with just two Agathas and Terhune for guests. How—"

Girls are so queer about that sort of thing. They must have a tresspass and bridesmaids and churches and fuss and feathers of one kind or another. He would certainly have had

I smiled. The old boy's weak spot is his love of admiration, and I often feel convinced that if it were not for his delight in being considered one of London's most eligible bachelors, and his pride in being one of the most popular dinner guests in town, he would long ago have entered the bonds of matrimony.

"She says," he continued, jerking over a page of the closely written letter that he held in his hand and glancing down at it as he spoke, "that although she has always looked forward with pleasure to leaving that piece of property which represents the bulk of her fortune, to her nephew, that she cannot allow herself to do so unless he complies with her wishes and becomes a married man. To bestow so rich an inheritance upon a single man, she says, is like putting a premium on selfishness!" Terhune snorted with impatience when he had read that last sentence, but I couldn't help but admire the old lady for it. I thought she must have been something of a character to express herself so forcibly.

"She goes on to explain," said Arch, resuming his reading after letting his eye skim down the page to the close of the letter, "that the reason she limits the days of grace in which I am supposed to persuade a girl to promise to marry me, to ten, is because she thinks I deserve to have to hurry, having thwarted her wishes so long, and that a little anxiety will do me no harm." His face was a picture as he read this, and his voice trembled so with a sense of outrage that he could hardly go on.

"She concludes by saying that I will be more likely to achieve the result she desires, if I am put under a certain amount of pressure. She knows my procrastinating habits only too well!"

His glare was so vindictive by this time that I could hardly keep from laughing at him.

"It's no laughing matter!" he growled. "She means every word of it. She's gone and notified the third cousin in America about it, so there'll be no possibility of changing her mind!"

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Nine children," returned my friend gloomily. "And she's even instructed her solicitor," he added, "Old Barnes of Barnes, Willoughby & Sons to call upon me and be with me at one o'clock ten days from now, when the period expires, to see that everything's fair and square about the proceedings and that I do not overstep the prescribed time by so much as a minute!"

"Capital!" I cried unguardedly, full of an ill-timed, I fear, enthusiasm for the business-like methods of Mrs. James.

"You'll have to invite him to lunch! Why, it's as good as a play! What an old sport your Aunt Georgy must be!"

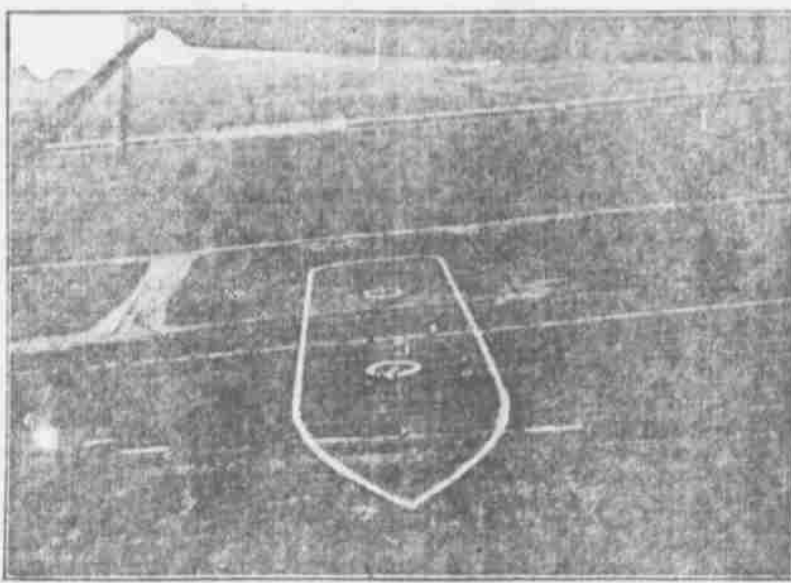
"O, hang my Aunt Georgy!" exclaimed Arch piously, not appreciating my point of view. "Meddlesome old busybody!"

"And that reminds me," I said alertly, "how old is she, anyway, Arch?"

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

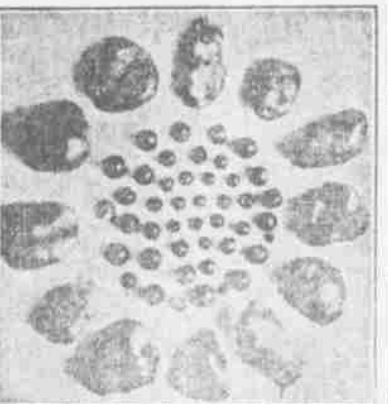
Target for Aeroplanists



At the recent Harvard-Boston aero meet, great interest was aroused by the "bomb" dropping contests in which the aeroplanists attempted to hit targets representing battleships, drawn on the ground. They were very successful, the bags of flour representing bombs often falling upon the mark, though dropped from aeroplanes moving rapidly at a height of 1,800 feet. Claude Grahame-White of England, who gave a similar demonstration recently at Blackpool, England, was one of the best marksmen.

DUST FROM SHOOTING STARS

The group of shotlike pellets arranged in the middle of the illustration are minute hollow spheres of steel known as meteoric dust; they are infinitely finer than ordinary sea-sand, a few grains of which have been placed around the group for the purpose of showing their comparative size. The whole is magnified twelve hundred times, or thirty-five diameters, and could be placed inside a circle one-tenth of an inch in diameter. Their origin is interesting. Meteors, or shooting stars, as they are more generally called, have from the beginning of things been bombarding the world at a rate estimated by the highest authority at many thousands an hour, of which, however, an average of only five or six are visible to the naked eye during the same period of time. Fortunately owing to our protecting envelope of air, very



few of these missiles reach us. In size, meteors vary from a few ounces to many pounds in weight, and it is only very occasionally that one is of sufficient dimensions to survive the passage of eighty to one hundred miles through an atmosphere increasing in density as the earth is approached. The speed at which they enter the atmosphere, calculated at not less than thirty-five miles a second, generates such intense heat by friction that the iron of which the meteor principally consists is immediately reduced to an incandescent vapor, which is the luminous train so frequently seen in the heavens on a clear night. The vapor rapidly cools, and condenses in the form of these minute particles, which assume the spherical form as does shot during its fall from the top of the tower. Finally, the little spheres are scattered by the winds and currents in the upper regions, and gradually descend in their millions as an invisible but never-ending shower.

BEES SWARM ON PICTURE HAT

Mme. Rodier, wife of a landowner at Borne, in Holland, had a rather peculiar experience recently. The good lady, who rejoices in the possession of a large picture hat of realistic floral design, was sitting dozing in her garden, when a swarm of bees surrounded her and settled on the hat. Waking up and realizing the danger of the situation, with great presence of mind she went over to an empty hive, and shook her hat into it, whereupon the bees took possession. Mme. Rodier did not receive a single sting.

STORK NEVER VARIES DATE

In the future August 30 will be made the occasion for the biggest celebration of the year in the home of Councilman J. Emory Shute of Arizona, Pa. His sixth child, a girl, was born on August 30. She is the third of his growing family to have been born on that date. John, now aged 13, was the first; Thomas, aged eight, the second, and the girl the last.

When the visit of the stork was expected, Councilman Shute laughingly predicted that it would arrive with its precious freight on August 30, and he "guessed right the very first time." Hereafter all important transactions in the Shute home will take place on August 30.

CAT WALLED IN BRICK

Walled up for three weeks above the ceiling of the remodeled Gulchton hotel in New Westminster, B. C., a tabby cat was liberated by workmen who heard a faint meowing and made an opening to release the imprisoned

HORSE AND DOG WERE PALS

For no other reason than because his bulldog refused to be comforted since he sold his horse, Arthur Baker, a farmer of Springfield, Ohio, went to Dayton and purchased back his trotter at an increased price, which he had sold the week before. It and the dog were boon companions since the canine's eyes were open.

After the horse was taken away the bulldog did nothing but yell and howl and positively refused to eat the food offered it. Mr. Baker could not stand it any longer, and he got the purchaser to sell him the horse back.

When the horse was returned to the Baker stable the canine ceased barking and yelping, the pair nuzzled each other for quite a time, and altogether the greeting between the two dumb animals was most affectionate.

FROZEN TO DEATH IN HEAT

The recent heat wave brought the usual crop of fatalities, but surely the most remarkable was that of a teamster, who was frozen to death while the thermometer stood at 105. The victim was a Mexican employed by an ice supply company at Maricopa, Arizona. Unable any longer to bear the torrid heat while out with a load of ice the man was seized by what appeared to be the happy idea of seeking cooling shade under his wagon. Apparently he dozed off, for when the wagon was notified, and search was made he was discovered lying quite dead, with all the symptoms of having been frozen to death.

PEAR TREE'S QUEER ACTION

A pear tree in bloom and laden with fruit at the same time is a freak at Hasking Ridge, N. J. The blossoms completely cover the tree and the ripening fruit peeping from between the clusters of petals makes a novel sight.

During the hot and dry weather of July the leaves of the tree appeared to wither and even the fruit itself showed signs of beginning to shrivel up. Then copious rains fell and the tree gave evidence of the benefits it received. Buds began to swell again and an entirely new set of blossoms began to appear.

A horse chestnut tree in full bloom in Bayonne is causing much interest among the residents in that section. Similar trees nearby are filled with nuts.

STRANGE LIGHTNING FREAK

A farmer in Lincolnshire, Eng., who some time ago lost a hand and now wears a steel hook on his arm in its place, was caught recently in a severe storm. A terrific flash of lightning rendered him unconscious, and on coming to he felt severe pain in his maimed arm. Looking down, he saw that the hook had been straightened out and twisted, his coat sleeve and the leather sheath (which is fitted to the handless arm and to which the hook is fixed) were torn to ribbons, and the stump of the arm itself was severely injured. He was otherwise unharmed, but the arm is now completely paralyzed.

Football on Brighton Sands



So fond are the English of their national winter game of football that they want to play it even in the heat of summer. So on the broad sands at Brighton, young men may often be seen clad in bathing suits and engaging in the exciting sport, to the delight of crowds of spectators.

SAVED CHILD AND FELL DEAD

Standing on her doorstep in a street in Carmarthen, Wales, recently, a widow named Hannah Owen saw a five-year-old girl knocked down by a motor car. She rushed forward, snatched the child towards her, and took her into the house, where she found that the little one was only scratched on the arm. The incident, however, had such an effect upon the woman that she fell dead.

Not the Receiver Who Reaps.

Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful, return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver.—Jeremy Bentham.

Vanadium's Value.

The value of vanadium in a steel alloy lies in the fact that it removes oxygen and nitrogen, unites with the iron, and forms carbides that increase the strength of the steel.

WHY NEW ORLEANS

CITY IS LOGICAL POINT FOR WORLD'S PANAMA EXPOSITION.

Its Geographical Position and Many Other Considerations Mark It as Most Suitable Spot for Dedication of Great Work.

Public sentiment has decided that the completion of the Panama Canal in 1915 shall be celebrated with a great International Exposition in which all the nations of the world may participate; and the question of where this Exposition is to be held will be settled by Congress at its approaching session.

New Orleans and San Francisco are contending for the honor of holding this Exposition, and both cities have guaranteed immense sums of money as an evidence of their ability to finance so great an enterprise.

An Exposition worthy of the term "World's Fair," such as New Orleans proposes to build, will be a great educational movement. Its success as such, however, will depend entirely upon the percentage of our population who can secure its educational advantages, this in turn depends upon its location, as the time in traveling to and from the Exposition, and the cost in railroad and Pullman fares, are the most important factors.

Considering these matters, New Orleans claims to be the "Logical Point" for this Panama Exposition, seem to be fully substantiated by the following facts:—

New Orleans is 500 miles from the center of population in the United States. San Francisco is 2,500 miles distant therefrom.

Within a radius of 500 miles from New Orleans there are 17,500,000 people. Within the same radius from San Francisco there are only 2,000,000.

Within a radius of 1,000 miles from New Orleans, there are 45,000,000. Within the same radius from San Francisco there are only 6,000,000.

At an average of 900 miles from New Orleans there are 70 of our principal cities with a combined population of 26,000,000. Averaging 200 miles from San Francisco there are only 8 large cities, with a combined population of just 1,000,000. The average distance of all these cities to New Orleans is 792 miles, to San Francisco 2,107 miles.

Over 75 per cent of the people of the United States could go to an Exposition there at an average expense for railroad fare of \$12.50, as against an average of \$37.50 to the Pacific Coast; and for several millions of our people, the Pullman fare and Dining Car expenses alone, for a trip to San Francisco, would amount to more than all their transportation expenses for a trip to New Orleans.

This is an important public question to be settled by Congress at the session which convenes in December.

Many of our readers will wish to visit this World's Panama Exposition, and if held in New Orleans a great many more could spare the time and money for the trip than could go to San Francisco. Therefore, we urge our readers to write to the two senators from this State and the congressman from this district, requesting them to support New Orleans in the contest.

Managing a Husband.

Men are like children; they want managing, although you must never let them dream that you think so. No child likes to be ordered about, no man will endure coercion. But managing! It is an art so subtle, so elusive, that few women understand even the rudiments of it. Sisters mine, let us reason together, says Woman's Life. In every human being there is a spark of the divine; it is yours to fan that spark into a flame—that is managing a man—it is to get the very best out of him there is to have, and not two women in ten can do it.

Do not think that there is anything unworthy in managing a man—to bring out the best is a high vocation. Only let us see to it that we are worthy of it. There are women who have made angels of men, but at the cost of their own alvinity. They are a room for more than one unselfish person in a family.

Childish Reasoning. "Look at the brownies, papa!" exclaimed a little miss as she gazed upward at a Wall street skyscraper. "They are not brownies, dearie," replied papa. "They are big men, like me, but they look so tiny because they are so high."

"If they were twice as high, would they look twice as small?" she asked, showing the mathematical turn not unnatural in the offspring of a successful broker.

Papa answered "Yes." She made a quick calculation and remarked: "They won't amount to much when they get to heaven, will they?"

The average married man kicks because his wife worries because he doesn't get home right on time, but suppose she didn't care whether he ever came or not?

Post Toasties

A bowl of these crisp fluffy bits served with cream or milk is something not soon forgotten.

What's the use of cooking breakfast or lunch when Post Toasties, ready to serve direct from the package, are so delicious?

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.